

## Conflict Of Interest

Darkwell

the creation of thoughts  
a process which never ends  
our life guided by an idea  
a construction of a plan  
in the end just a goal soon  
clearance reaches my mind  
the stone rolled up the hill  
one inch to... failed

In the Labyrinth of life  
The individual in it's hive  
all that remains just an illusion  
in the end what stays, confusion

A quest entrained by a god, a task with no solution  
nobody realized that's that core of our life  
an aim can be reached but our live consists of many  
every aim is it worth, the final goal is an illusion  
a plan creeps in my mind  
walls of logic are destroyed  
feelings (are) starting to rule my life  
a life of another kind  
reason should give the guiding line  
the senses are the other side  
none of them should be dominat  
the balance could be mine

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